

STRANGE REMINISCENCES OF A SEASON IN LONDON.

It had rained since the 1st of January, and was raining more or less still on the 1st June, and to make matters worse there was a nasty cold, searching N. E. wind.

For the minute the rain had ceased, and His Grace the Earl of Aberbrothock, faultlessly dressed and looking every inch a soldier, "sangre azul," stepped out of the Senior Carlton and made his way up Pall Mall. He had crossed to the north side, and as he turned the corner to go up St. James's street a particularly strong gust of wind took charge of his hat, a faultless Lincoln and Bennett.

The noble peer had made one fruitless grab at it as it left his cranium, and turning quickly round saw it slowly sinking sideways into one of the many heaps of liquid London mud awaiting removal by the ever-busy mud cart.

For a moment he leant on his umbrella, his face a picture of concentrated hate, and with a heart-felt, but low-spoken "damn you," sent it flying across the street as though it were a football. In another moment his face was as tranquil as ever, save to cast a look of ineffable scorn at a young man who, to save himself from falling from laughter, was leaning against some friendly iron rails.

A few doors up the street is a hatter, and into the shop the Earl entered.

I saw him pass my club windows shortly afterwards as serene and unruffled as ever.

Captain Richard Carden, universally known as Paddy, is one of the joys of our club. Who ever saw Paddy looking unhappy, and he must indeed be a morose man who was not happy when in his company. I was having my breakfast alone at a small table, reading the morning paper. There were lots of other members doing the same. You may say good morning to a fellow member you know, but it is only great chumship or the accident of being in the same regiment with him, that could license the gross familiarity of sharing the same table. Paddy and I are luckily both, viz., brother officers and chums; but it is seldom I have his company at breakfast, as his usual hour of turning up is between 10 and 12 when in town, and to-day it is only about half-past nine.

"What brings you out so early," I ask Paddy, who however is deep in a letter and takes no apparent heed of my question.

He finishes his letter, then looking up evidently greatly pleased with the contents, says:

"Be gad it's devilish lucky I am up early this morning. My cousins the Trenches are in town, and they want me to take them to the Academy. You'll come Tim, won't you. They're just the two best looking girls you ever saw, and as good as gold into the bargain." I have implicit trust in Paddy's judgment as far as female beauty is concerned, and gladly acquiesce.

After breakfast he is off, saying he will call for me in half an hour, and, having extracted from me a promise that I shall look after Miss Trench, while he looks after Miss Enid, on whom he informs me he is "awfully gone."

Some half-dozen of us are looking out of the club window.

"Who the deuce has Paddy got hold of now?" says a member, who, having a side window, commands the approach. "Awfully pretty, ain't they?"

Yes, they are; and as Paddy passes the window he looks up to signal me to come out.

Fatal look, for at that moment a wretched collie dog, in wild gambols with a companion, darts round the corner of the street, and, sliding backwards on the slippery pavement, is between Paddy's legs. A wild twist, either to sight its companion, or escape from imminent peril, deposits Paddy on the broad of his back, hatless.

Six men, in wild, convulsive laughter, bring another half-dozen members to the window. Two ladies, shaking with laughter, are walking quickly on as if they had nothing to do with the prostrate man on the pavement.

"Captain Carden waits you outside, sir," says the small hall boy, who finds me half dead with laughter on a sofa.

He is in a hansom outside, using language unfit for publication. "Jump in, old chap. Drive like the devil for the Academy," to the jarvey. From the safe retreat of the hansom Paddy introduces me to his cousins, whom we catch up to at the corner of Piccadilly. I am to take charge and we are to wait for him in the Burlington.

"Did ye hurt yourself, Dick?" asks Miss Enid. I had almost forgotten that at his baptism Paddy had received the name of Richard.

"No. I say, did I swear?"

"No," answers Miss Trench, "but you looked it," and, as we all burst out laughing again, Paddy goes off to make himself a respectable member of society.

The Hon. Hugh Molyneux Dalrymple-Hay was the most imperturbable of men. Nothing seemed ever to surprise him. When all club-land went out of its senses with the dynamite explosions, the Hon. Hugh had remained in his chair, calmly smoking his cigar, and, when he heard the narrative given by some half-dozen excited men, his only remark had been, "Really, what deuced scoundrels," as he carefully wiped and readjusted his eyeglass. It was not affectation, the receiving or taking away of his bottle, when a baby seemed a matter of utter indifference to the Hon. Hugh.

It was the Thursday between the Derby and the Oaks, and the Hon. Hugh was faultlessly got up, as befitted one of ancient lineage, and perhaps the best dressed man in town. A little lady had told him the night before that she would probably be shopping at Liberty's about 3.30 that afternoon, so towards that emporium of high art the honourable was sauntering up Regent street. True enough, he sees the little lady come out of that shop, followed by an assistant, who hands a parcel to the footman. He is just taking off his hat to acknowledge a friendly bow and smile, when, to the little lady's surprise and of all those around, the Hon. Hugh has violently thrown that article and his umbrella violently to the ground, and is fast divesting himself of his coat and waistcoat as he rushes into the nearest shop.

The little lady has got into her Victoria, but tells the footman to go and enquire what is the matter with Mr. Hay.

He comes back after some minutes. "Please, your ladyship, somebody throw'd a fuzee down Mr. Hay's back."

"Go back and tell Mr. Hay I'll drive him home."

Yes; some man, lighting his pipe on the top of an omnibus, had thrown away the half burnt fuzee, which happened to strike the nape of the Hon. Hugh's neck as it was bent forward a-bowing. He came out shortly afterward, looking very pale.

"Its very good of you, Lady Mary. You must have thought I had gone mad. A fuzee down one's back is not a pleasant companion."

"Are you in very great pain, Hugh?" comes from an anxious upturned face, all crimson in a moment when she remembers the slip of the tongue.

"Not a bit now, Mary," and under the light dust rug the Hon. Hugh presses a not unwilling hand.

She had told the coachman to drive to Hugh's chambers.

"We may as well drive to your place now, Mary."

"Home" is all erstwhile proud little Lady Mary can say.

"I only have to wave a fuzee at him," says happy laughing little Lady Mary Hay Dalrymple, "when I want Hugh to do anything."

Montreal. X. Y. Z.

[The author of this sketch gives no name, but the reader will relish his raciness, all the same.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

According to the best authorities, half of all who live die before 17. Only one person in 1,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but 1 in 100 reaches 60. The married live longer than the single, and out of every 1,000 born only 95 weddings take place. Of 1,000 persons who have reached 70 there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, 43; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 32; lawyers, 30; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

DISCIPLINE.

The following tender story is told of a mother's experience, and is well worthy of careful perusal:

She had laid her table with great care and pains for a company of distinguished guests, when her little girl accidentally overturned a tureen of gravy on the snowy cloth.

"What should I do? It seemed a drop too much for my tired nerves—many drops too much for my table cloth. I was about to jerk my child down angrily from the table, when a blessed influence held me. I caught the expression on her face; such a sorry, frightened, appealing look I never saw, and suddenly a picture of the past came and stood vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feelings which I had experienced twenty years before.

"I was myself a little nervous girl, about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy day in winter. It was soon after coal-oil lamps were introduced, and my father had bought a very handsome one. The snow had drifted up against the kitchen windows; so, although it was not dark, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed upstairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen to keep the noise and confusion away from her. I was feeling myself very important, helping to get supper; at any rate, I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness I seized the lamp and went down to the cellar for some butter. I tried to set it on the hanging shelf, but, alas! I didn't give it room enough, and down it fell on the cemented floor.

"I never shall forget the shock that it gave me. I seemed almost paralyzed. I didn't dare go up stairs, and I was afraid to stay down there. To make it worse, I heard my father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us again and again to be careful of that lamp, and now there it lay, smashed to pieces.

"But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the scolding or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, and which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen I met my father, with such a stern look upon his face that I was frightened. I saw there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he hadn't, I guess my face would have told the story.

"The children stood silently around waiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were horror stricken, for that lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without a sensation. As for me, I felt so frightened, so confused and sorry, that I couldn't speak. But upon glancing again at my father, I saw the angry look die out of his eyes and one of tenderest pity took its place. I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day. In a minute he lifted me in his arms, and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered, oh, so kindly: 'Never mind, little daughter; we all know it was an accident, but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again.'

"Oh, what a revulsion of feeling I experienced! It was such a surprise to me that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude, and, burying my face, I sobbed as if my heart was breaking. No punishment could have affected me half so much, and nothing can efface the memory of it from my mind.

"How I loved my father to-day, as the sight of my little girl's face brought it all freshly before me! Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because, moved by the same impulse that stirred my father's heart in that long ago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart, and tell her kindly that I knew she didn't mean to spill the gravy, and that I knew she would be more careful another time. Will she be helped by it when she is a mother, as I have been helped by it to-day?"

Maple sugar has increased wonderfully in consumption during the past ten years. The crop this year in New York State alone was over 10,000 tons. The crop in Canada has also increased wonderfully.